This Shadowe is renowned Shakeſpear's: Soule of th' age
The applauſe: delight: the wonder of the Stage.
Nature her ſelfe, was proud of his deſignes
And joy'd to weare the dreſſing of his lines,
The learned will Confeſs, his works are ſuch,
As neither man, nor Muſe, can prayſe to much.
For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like, no age, ſhall ever paralell.

W. M. ſculpſit.

POEMS:

VVRITTEN BY WIL. SHAKE-SPEARE. Gent.

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